Recollections of the Home Life of Abraham Lincoln

Mrs. James S. Delano, Now Visiting in Washington, Tells of Her Personal Acquaintance With Lincoln Before and After His Election—Lincoln's Escort to Galesburg, Ill., When He Was Taking Part in the Famous Campaign Debates—The Greatness and Magnetism of the Man Impressed All Those Who Came Into His Life.

Lincoln's Predominating Traits as Observed by Those Who Saw Most of Him During the War—Sad Days at the White House—The President's Great Love for His Son Tad. The White House Receptions During Wartime—Lincoln's Trips to the Hospitals in Washington.

MRS. LINCOLN DRESSED FOR ONE OF THE PRESIDENT'S WAR-TIME RECEPTIONS. (INSET) "TAD" LINCOLN IN HIS SOLDIER UNIFORM.

"I FIRST became acquainted with Abraham Lincoln away back in 1858," said Mrs. James S. Delano, who is spending the winter in Washington. "My experience was in a way unique. When Mr. Lincoln was carrying on that wonderful series of debates with Stephen A. Douglas, when each was a candidate for the Senate, every town in Illinois in which they spoke seemed to consider it necessary to make some extraordinary display which would call attention to its favorite. I was then a bride living in Knoxville, Ill., and the republican committee decided that a striking local feature would be to have five young couples escort Mr. Lincoln to Galesburg, where he was to speak. My husband and I were one of those couples." History relates what the narrator omitted that the five handsomest young couples in the neighborhood were the choice of the committee.

"I rode quite close to Mr. Lincoln's carriage," Mrs. Delano continued, "and I must say that from that day to his death the greatness and magnetism of the man impressed themselves upon me as something much more than ordinary.

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"Old Illinois friends of my family were Representative Owen Lovejoy, the abolitionist statesman, and his wife. My mother had been a schoolmate of Mrs. Lovejoy in New York state, and I was like a daughter to her. When, therefore, my husband was made deputy controller of the Treasury and we came to Washington to live, I spent much of my time with Mrs. Lovejoy. I was very young and very much alone, and this good friend took me almost everywhere she went. After Mr. Lincoln became President we were constant visitors at the White House. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Lovejoy were warm friends and frequent consultants. Mrs. Lovejoy and I very often accompanied Mr. Lovejoy on his errands of state, and that is how I came to see so much of President Lincoln.

"My first personal pleasant surprise was in the President's recalling me as a member of his escort to Galesburg. He knew of my husband's appointment and asked me how I liked Washington. When I was in the room with him I never could think of any one else, and I recall one occasion when I had been sitting in the red room for a long time watching President Lincoln and Representative Lovejoy conversing in the wide south window. I do not recollect the subject of their conversation, but I do remember the repeated 'Now, Lovejoy,' in deep, earnest tones. I was sitting in rapt admiration of my hero, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Lovejoy absorbed in a low-voiced conversation, when Mr. Lovejoy came up to me and said: 'Well, Myra, you cannot take your eyes off the President, can you?' Young as I was, I appreciated the greatness of the man.

"What were his predominating traits as observed by me in those 'intimate visits'? His intense sadness, first and foremost. I believe he felt the whole burden of the war upon his shoulders. He would stand and gaze so sadly out of those south windows of the White House, and one knew he was always thinking of the men on the battlefields. Next to his sadness his consideration for others impressed me, and the more evidently needy a person seemed the more immediate and kind was his attention. If a laborer came to him or a woman in distress they were given audience before those more prosperous looking. His tenderness toward suffering or sorrow—and he had enough of it brought to him—was touching and added to that deep sadness.

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"Then there were times when the President laughed. Lincoln's humor is renowned. He said to a friend once: 'If I had not this vent I think I should die.' He had the merriest laugh I ever heard. Much of his mirth at this time came to him through the idol of his heart, his little son Thomas, whom as a baby he had nicknamed 'Tadpole,' and became the 'Tad' of not only the White House, but of thew hole country. Tad was truly his father's son, the kindest, brightest, most considerate child I have ever known. He was interested in everything his father did, and perhaps it was the vital period in which he lived made him unduly considerate of suffering.

"My husband was at the White House one day and encountered a poor woman in tears in the big north hallway, the one main entrance to the White House at that time. Tad saw that she was crying and inquired the cause. She told him she had a son in the army who was sick, and she wanted him sent home. 'You tell my father about him,' cried Tad. 'I'll go and get him!' He went into the cabinet room, where the President and his staff were assembled, and whispered into his father's ear. 'My son,' said the President, 'I cannot come now. You see that I am engaged.' 'Well,' cried the boy, 'I'll bring the woman up to you.' The President arose, excused himself to the members of the cabinet, and, hand in hand with Tad, went to the woman. The result was that the young soldier was permitted to return home.

"There was nothing Tad thought his father could not accomplish. On another occasion the boy came rushing into the room where we were sitting and asked his father to give him an order. 'An order for what, my son?' inquired the President. 'For a tent and a flag,' came the answer. His father gave him the order to the Secretary of War, and we learned later that Mr. Stanton, who, like all the cabinet officers, loved the lad, gave him a tent and a flag with which to play soldier in the White House grounds. All the employes about the mansion liked the boy, and he would marshal the guards outside the White House and drill them as for war. When these men were not available he would try to muster a squad of boys. His dress in these days was quite often a soldier's suit.

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"The President sometimes let Tad accompany him on his rounds of the camps and hospitals. It was during the winter of 1863 that the President and his little son visited the men in camp across the Potomac. They had found 'the boys' suffering from poor shelter and many were sick, and all were cold. As the President sat at his desk that Christmas eve, weary-eved and troubled, Tad ran in with his arms full of books—some of his own Christmas gifts. 'Father,' he cried, excitedly, 'I want to send these pretty books to the camp. Do you remember how lonesome the men looked?' Mr. Lincoln held the little face close to his own for a moment. 'Yes, my son,' he said, 'send a big box. Ask mother for plenty of warm things, and tell Daniel to pack in all the good eatables he can, and let him mark the box "From Tad Lincoln."'

"Next Christmas eve it was again Tad who supplied the White House with some semblance of cheer. Secretary Chase and Gen. Fremont had occasion to call upon Mr. Lincoln, and as they entered the front door they almost tumbled over a band of street urchins following the President's son through the public halls. 'I'm fetching them in for dinner,' he explained, over his shoulder, and the President and his friends had at least one merry laugh that evening. It was on such occasions that Mr. Lincoln smiled his rarest smile, and those near enough to see them treasured them long in their hearts. I have carried President Lincoln's smile in mine for fifty years.

"Then, I recall an Easter scene. Tad rushed in upon his father one morning. It was Easter Monday, the first time I ever saw eggs rolled upon the White House grounds. 'See, father, my eggs! Cook dyed them! Two dozen—one dozen for lame Tommy and one for me. Tommy is spending the day, and Isaac has carried your big chair out for him. You see he can lean over and roll the eggs quite well.'

"Tad led his father to smiling lame Tommy, who received a warm handshake from President Lincoln. Tommy's father had been killed in the war, and his mother was at work in the Treasury, so kind-hearted Tad helped to make Tommy's lot less lonely.

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"I can recall distinctly the great sadness which shrouded the White House on the death of Willie, the twelve-year-old third son of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. He died in February, 1862, shortly after his father's birthday. It was only the guileless chatter and cheer of nine-year-old Tad which kept the parents from giving way.

"I recall distinctly the White House receptions of those days. Throughout the war they were held every Saturday afternoon, and, as they were public, high and low attended. I often noticed that the President was punctiliously polite to and considerate of those who appeared to be of humble estate, and he always took special notice of children. If one of the 'boys' from the war dropped in to shake hands with the President, his welcome was especially cordial. Then, as now, the Marine Band gave its music to the occasion, and then, as now, we all dressed in our finest raiment when we went in state to greet the President. Mrs. Lincoln was conspicuous for her elegant dress, and at those receptions wore gowns of very handsome silk, velvet and brocade.

"As the dreadful four years of strife wore on the President grew more sad, more hollow-eyed, more gaunt. He could not sleep and he could not eat. He partook of food so irregularly that noon often found him at his desk with his untasted breakfast beside him. 'None of this flummery goes to the right spot, Lovejoy,' he said, apologetically, to his friend one day. Mrs. Lincoln was sad, too, and it was at this time that, through the offices of Representative Lovejoy, Miss Alice Johnstone came to be an inmate of the White House. Miss Johnstone had a desk in the Post Office Department.

"During her first winter she slipped and fell on the icy pavement, and for three months was confined to her room. Ill and discouraged, she determined to return to the west. Mr. Lovejoy spoke to the President about her. 'If I hadn't five girls of my own I'd adopt her,' said the Illinois congressman. 'See here, Lovejoy,' said the President, 'we need just such a girl. I'll speak at once to Mary.'

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"To Mrs. Lincoln the Chicago girl proved a treasure of domestic helpfulness, and to the President her constant readiness to serve and her steady, unobtrusive cheerfulness proved a boon. One day, when Mrs. Lincoln found herself in despair over Mr. Lincoln's want of appetite, she said to Miss Johnstone, 'Alice, do you know how to make a dish of fricasseed chicken and small biscuits with thick cream gravy poured over it, all on one platter?' 'I'll try,' said Alice. 'It would be so good to see Mr. Lincoln eat something.'

"When the simple luncheon was served in the small dining room Tad was dispatched for his father. When the President saw the frugal meal and only his family sitting down to it and all servants excluded he exclaimed: 'Oh, Mary, this is good. It seems like old times come back.' The scene so touched Miss Johnstone that she made an excuse to withdraw. When she returned Mr. Lincoln was laughing and Tad announced to her: 'Oh, Alice, he ate three helps and more gravy than you and me and mother could!'

"President Lincoln liked to be alone, and when he walked or rode horseback, as he did every day, he insisted upon either going quite alone or having the service men follow on at a considerable distance. I have often seen him riding out to the summer executive residence in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, or walking along Pennsylvania avenue. If troops were going out he would stand and gaze sadly at them; or, sadder still, he would look if they were returning weary and wounded with broken ranks.

"These were busy days in Washington. We women all worked in one way or another. We scraped lint assiduously and we got up balls and concerts for the benefit of the soldiers. We all visited the hospitals and did what we could for the wounded. The churches were open all the time for their use, and I remember seeing Trinity Episcopal Church, 3d and C streets, simply filled with cots and beds. The patent office had cots between the glass cases, and an odd combination they made.

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"The largest hospital headquarters was at Judiciary Square, on which the pension office now stands. It was covered with tents for the relief of the wounded soldiers. President Lincoln went frequently to Judiciary Square, and a friend relates this humorous 'vent' the President once experienced here. He was walking through the hospital with a distinguished visitor from Massachusetts who represented one of its state organizations for the relief of war conditions. A lady in front of them was passing out tracts from a promiscuous lot she carried. A wounded soldier received one, and as he looked at its title he laughed boisterously. 'I wouldn't do that,' admonished the President. 'When I was a lad I received a tract which helped me through life.'

"The man held up the leaflet and said 'But you would laugh at this one, Mr. Lincoln. It is entitled "The Sin of Dancing," and both my legs have been cut off at the knee.' President Lincoln did then join the soldier in a hearty outbreak. 'Mr. Johnson,' he said to his companion, 'this is good evidence of misapplied philanthropy.'

"But Mr. Lincoln's laughter was rare those days," concluded Mrs. Delano, "especially in the latter months of his life, and he was almost always sad—so sad!"

The Modern Novel.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY, the novelist, said of modern letters at a Brooklyn tea:

"Modern letters, the modern novel, tend to be too cynical and materialistic. The typical modern love story might be epitomized in a dialogue like this:

"'One more kiss. How beautiful you are tonight, dear Hannah. Can you cook?'

"'No, Hartington. But, oh, how I love you! Kiss me again. And tell me, could you afford, dear, a motor car and a cottage at Atlantic City?'

"'No, dearest Hannah. Now one more.'

"'And so they didn't marry, and lived happily ever afterward.'"

TEN THOUSAND OFFICERS FURNISHED THE BRITISH ARMY BY SCHOOLS

Special Correspondence of The Star.

LONDON, January 28, 1915.

SHOULD the United States decide to take to heart the recent words of President Wilson and to inaugurate "a system by which every citizen volunteering may be made familiar with the use of modern arms," perhaps no better first step could be taken than by creating, in connection with our colleges and universities, an American counterpart of a volunteer organization in this country, which, originating in peace times, has, in the present crisis, proved invaluable, eliciting, for the efficiency of its members the high praise of the late Lord Roberts (himself, of course, an advocate of compulsory military service) and which, up to the present, has contributed over 10,000 officers to the British army.

This organization is the so-called "O. T. C.," or Officers' Training Corps, which exists, as its name implies, to provide officers for the British army. It may practically be said to be the creation of the present lord chancellor, Viscount Haldane, during his historic and now much-discussed administration of the office of war minister, and a branch of it exists at Oxford, Cambridge and every other English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh university, as well as at Eton, Harrow, Winchester and all the other of the big so-called public but actually private schools of this country.

At the present time, of course, Lord Haldane, whose comparatively recent visit to the United States is fresh in every one's mind, is a target for attack by critics of the opposing political faith who demand his removal from office, first on the ground of his supposed regard for Germany, where he was largely educated and which he once described as his "spiritual home," and secondly on the ground that, as war minister, he made serious reductions in the regular army of this country. But whatever mistakes Lord Haldane may have committed, the fact remains, though his detractors appear to have forgotten it, that he turned the formerly unwieldy and badly equipped volunteer force of these islands into the territorial force which, so far as it has yet been tested, has given so good an account of itself, and of which the Officers' Training Corps, or "O. T. C.," is one of the many offshoots.

Put into a nutshell, this now famous corps, of which up to the opening of the war the average man in the street never even had heard, provides a means of giving military training to every boy over the age of fourteen at every big English "public school" and to every university undergraduate, and as such it represents about the extent to which the youth of the country has, up to the present time, received instruction of any kind in the use of arms or in any branch of the art of war.

In most of the smaller boarding schools, it is true, rifle brigades always have existed and have been useful so far as they have gone in instilling ideas of discipline and providing elementary training, and there is, of course, the renowned Boy Scouts movement. But in the so-called board schools, which correspond to our public schools, and which are attended by the great bulk of the rising generation of Great Britain, Swedish drill is the nearest approach to anything in the nature of military training.

Probably at the end of the present war, and possibly long before that should the struggle last longer than is expected, Great Britain will take pattern by France, Germany and Russia and take definite steps to place its schoolboys in military training, and in the meantime the "O. T. C." is an illustration in being of the value of such military training in schools and universities as has been advocated by a large section of the press of the United States ever since the opening of the present sanguinary struggle of the nations.

Boys are eligible for the Officers' Training Corps as soon as they have turned sixteen, and at most of the big schools are placed "in pickle" therefor for a year previously by means of physical drill. Up to the present the terms of service have been anything but arduous, the members of the "O. T. C." being bound to attend only forty drills in their first year and fifteen in their second, not to mention going into camp for a fortnight every summer. There are regular lectures, too, generally given, like the instruction in drill, by officers of the "O. T. C.," but every now and then by some visiting officers of more or less importance in the regular army.

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The full course of instruction is two years, at the end of which time two certificates are obtainable by examination, the first, A, entitling its possessor to a commission in the territorial force, the second, B, counting as so many marks—200, to be exact—in the examination for entrance into two of the chief military colleges—that at Camberley and the engineering college at Woolwich. It should be understood, by the way, that the British army does not depend for its officers on the "O. T. C.," this branch of the service practically representing the profession of the upper classes, who get their instruction at Sandhurst, the "English West Point."

Thus the Officers' Training Corps in peace time. Since the beginning of the war, however, its ranks have been joined by thousands of educated young business men who were eager to devote themselves to the defense of their country, and in the case of these latter the system has been one of cramming, such new members of the "O. T. C." getting what is ordinarily a two-year training in a few months and then being ready to take commissions in the army.

They drill a couple of times a day, go on route marches and attend lectures on tactics and during week ends go to camp and are initiated into the mysteries of trench digging, tent pegging and all the rest of it, including how the business of billeting is best carried out. The writer knows several young men, most of them already in the government service, who recently have become members of the "O. T. C.," and the hours that they have to themselves are few and far between. On the other hand, they have one and all become "fit as fiddles."

At Oxford the "O. T. C." always has been especially strong, and in the first month of the war more than 1,000 of the undergraduates were recommended for commissions. What is more, the classes that the reformer always wants to reform away, the well-to-do, the athletic and the sporting, were the first to go, straining at the leash, streaming up in the vacation begging and praying for commissions, longing to get to the French shore. A thousand more Oxford undergraduates were also recommended and withdrawn before the vacation ended, and the result, so far as the university is concerned, is comparative solitude and silence. The more so, by the bye, as between twenty and thirty of the American Rhodes scholars, having obtained extensions of their Christmas holidays, are in Belgium, practically administering the distribution of the food which is pouring into that much-tried country from the United States at the rate now of four or five shiploads a week.

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At present the numbers of the "O. T. C." at Oxford stand at about 700, the undergraduates whohave not joined numbering less than 1,000. Yet the arrangements are severe and exacting. Those enrolled are divided into class A, who are pledged to be ready to take commissions at the end of or during the present term, and class B, who are unwilling to take commissions until a later date. Every cadet has to attend all compulsory parades and all the lectures arranged for his class. Besides the undergraduates, moreover, many of the younger dons may be seen drilling in the park, and they, too, will erc long take their departure. Military training is the overwhelmingly predominant athletic exercise, and khaki is the only wear.

At the big public schools, particularly at Eton and Harrow, the identical spirit prevails, and as the students at these academies are drawn from the so-called leisure classes and are, in many cases, of noble birth, it is being remarked that owing to the war we shall have to reconsider our views on the connection between luxury and that greater danger, slackness, just as, owing to the war, the British workingman, as the dean of Manchester told Eton the other day, has reconsidered his view of the "upper classes."

Harrow School, in fact, has knowledge of 1,643 "Old Harrovians" who are serving with or have served with the colors. Fifty-four have been killed, twenty-eight are missing or prisoners, and 103 are wounded. Fifty-four have been mentioned in dispatches, three have received the D. S. O. and fourteen have been decorated by the French government for valor. Eton, where the king's fourth son, Prince Henry, is being educated, has a similar record. In its grounds, just beyond the famous bridge, the school displays a huge recruiting appeal, and has all it can do to prevent its elder pupils from rushing in a body to take commissions. On the declaration of war, its headmaster's postbag must have made an interesting study. In the upshot no less than 110 Eton boys discovered excellent reasons for not returning in the autumn term, and Sandhurst and the army have them all.

"They are now," wrote Dr. Lyttelton, the head, in a feeling letter, the other day, "either manning the trenches in Flanders or finishing their training near some unknown French railroad, or teaching the best of our recruits in a southern depot, or gathering brawn in the Sandhurst gymnasium, whither they have betaken themselves by the help of a headmaster's nomination, or, more accurately, by one applied for by the headmaster and granted by the war office. Of those who have already served at the front, several have been given temporary commissions, others are in the ranks, others were in the regular army before the war began. Some turn up in khaki Sundays and tell us strange stories of camp life, and never did we feel such solidarity with members of our old school."

Meanwhile, at Eton, the "O. T. C." absorbs nearly all the energies, during recreation time, of 600 members of the school. Thursday foot ball has been given up for extra drills, skirmishings or elementary maneuvers with regular troops or battalions from other schools. One day Maj. Warre, a son of the provost of Eton, gave a technical lecture on fighting in the trenches, and soon after fifteen Etonians (most of them, as like as not, the heirs of dukes or earls), were discovered digging scientifically in the stiff and heavy soil of a piece of waste land such a trench as the lecturer had described. It was the same spirit which quickly raised $3,300 for the national relief fund and collected from pocket money in a week nearly $500 to provide clothing, books and so forth for the Belgian boys housed by the masters.

At another big public school, Winchester, practically the whole school always has belonged to the "O. T. C." save for the boys in their first year, who are kept in training for the corps by means of Swedish exercises. The weekly drills, the marches, the field days and camps have produced at least the material out of which good officers are quickly made, men used to giving and obeying commands, to taking the field, even though in mimic war, and to using their wits in it. Last summer they went twice to camp—the first time under conditions of peace, the second time under those of war.

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The consequence is that af Winchester, as at the other great public schools, the outbreak of war brought no need for the sudden creation or revival of some practical outlet for the soldier spirit. Nowadays, in fact, the school spends three days of the week in khaki and can plead putties as an excuse for being late in the morning.

Lord Roberts, who was far from blessing all the works of Viscount Haldane, more than once commended the members of the "O. T. C." for their care for the men, their skill in handling them and for their cheerful shouldering of drudgery and discomfort. The great soldier was a vehement advocate of military training in schools, and so, it proves, are the headmasters of Great Britain as a body. These held their annual conference at the historic London Guildhall, where Col. Roosevelt fired his oratorical bombshell about Egypt, this week, and with hardly a dissenting voice passed a resolution proposed by the headmaster of Haileybury College, Herts, "that in the opinion of this association instruction in the elements of military drill and the use of the rifle should form part of the education of all boys in secondary schools." Most of the pedagogues, it is stated, regretted only that the resolution was not worded more strongly and would have made it apply to boys in all schools.

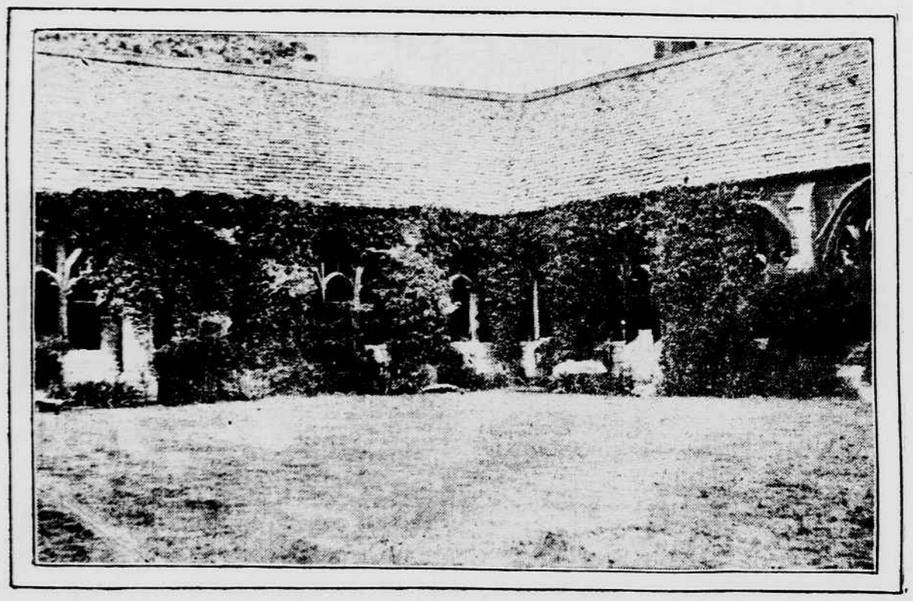
These headmasters had some striking tales to tell of their boys' keenness to serve their country. Said one: "The usual day for any of my boys to go to town to see a dentist is Wednesday. During the last term several of the boys came for the usual 'dentist's leave,' and as usual I said, 'All right, Wednesday.' 'Can't we go on Thursday, sir?' they asked, and when I asked their reason they explained that Wednesday they drilled, whereas on Thursday they played foot ball, and that they would sooner miss foot ball than drill."

Meanwhile, in Germany, highly significant action has just been taken by the military authorities. A decree has come from the war office providing "for the preparation of the youth of the country for military service." The scheme is to be carried out jointly by the ministeries of education and public works in association with the leaders of all juvenile organizations. The preamble for this decree reads:

"For the removal of any doubts the war office states that the military preparation of the youths is to be a direct primary school for service in the army and navy. In order, therefore, to be truly popular and fulfill its object, the scheme must embrace all classes of the nation. The co-operation of members, leaders and assistants of all organizations who are inspired by a spirit of sacrifice for kaiser and empire will be welcome. Any distinctions based on religion, schools or other considerations do not conduce to that comradeship which unites our armed forces and which must, therefore, be implanted in the hearts of our youth.

"The object of our proposed training is to develop the growing youths of Germany into characters of uprightness and loyalty, fill them with the joy of bearing arms and make of them men who are proud of their German fatherland and prepared at all times to defend its honor."

In France, upward of 300,000 schoolboys are under military guidance. The minister of public instruction, it is planned, is to co-operate with the minister of war, and from the ranks of the young the republic plans to rebuild her army after peace has been restored. In Russia similar plans are under consideration. For the first time in many decades the exemption from service in the field which has been extended by the czar's government to all university students, and even to those in secondary schools, has been withdrawn, and these classes have been put into training for future service in the ranks.



NEW COLLEGE CLOISTERS, OXFORD.
Where the Officers' Training Corps drills, in preparation for active service.

REV. THE HON. EDWARD LYTTELTON.
Headmaster of Eton, the foremost English public school, where the Officers' Training Corps has turned out hundreds of officers for Kitchener's new army.

LORD HALDANE.
Lord chancellor of England, who, as minister of war, was responsible for the creation of the Officers' Training Corps, which has supplied more than 10,000 officers for Kitchener's new army. Lord Haldane is here shown at the last annual maneuvers of the English army.